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The Courant

Wellesley College

The Courant

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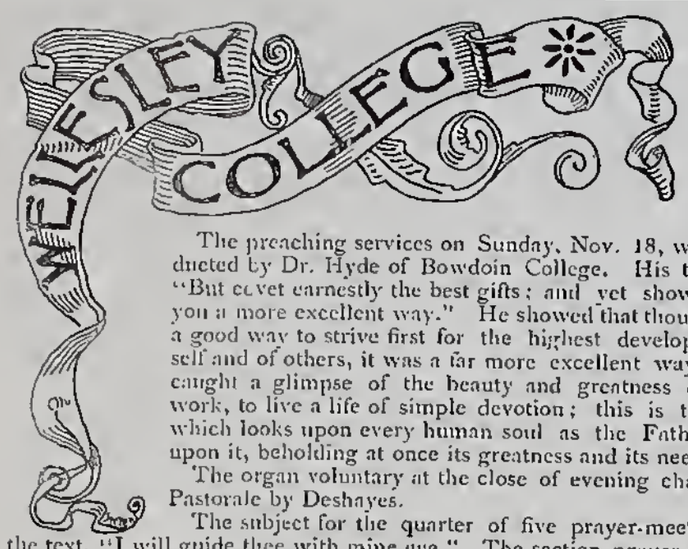

The preaching services on Sunday, Nov. 18, were conducted by Dr. Hyde of Bowdoin College. His text was. "But covet earnestly the best gifts; and yet show I unto you a more excellent way." He showed that though it was a good way to strive first for the highest development of self and of others, it was a far more excellent way, having caught a glimpse of the beauty and greatness of God's work, to live a life of simple devotion; this is the spirit which looks upon every human soul as the Father looks upon it, beholding at once its greatness and its need.

The organ voluntary at the close of evening chapel was Pastorale by Deshayes.

The subject for the quarter of five prayer-meeting was the text, "I will guide thee with mine eye." The section prayer-meetings were held in the evening.

The Christian Association.

The subject for the Thursday evening prayer-meeting of Nov. 15 was "God working in us," from Phil. 2:13, "For it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do of His good pleasure."

Prof. Niles' Third Lecture.

Last Saturday, the 17th, Professor Niles surprised and charmed the large audience gathered in the chapel, by a series of beautiful stereopticon views, used to illustrate his lecture. The subject for that afternoon was: "Inland Waters and Their Connection with Human Life." The speaker first dwelt briefly on the beneficent work of streams, brooks and rivers, in drainage, emigration, and in the actual formation of land, by depositing rich alluvium near their outlets. Streams are great traffic routes. Among uncivilized nations they are the only roads through the tangled forests. As traffic increases, towns multiply and roads are built along their banks. Almost all our great highways and railroads follow river courses for long distances. How many large cities we find located on or near the outlets of rivers. Then, too, in this connection, some of the highest developments of engineering skill have been reached; lofty bridges, great dams and levees have been built, and the channels of rivers actually changed. Lakes, usually considered elements of beauty alone, are of vast use to man. They act as great natural reservoirs, as flood moderators and, like streams, often determine the location of cities.

Passing on to the last topic in the lecture, the influence of inland waters on the finer sensibilities and inward emotions of man, the Professor called up upon the screen scenes of beauty, one by one, and carried us, as by magic, from the deep and rocky canons of the Colorado to "ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon." A pretty little cascade in the Catskills, a stream of deep and quiet pools, the tall trees and overhanging mountains of a Californian valley, the rushing torrents of Glenn's Falls, the wild, bold cliffs of the Danube, the ancient ruins of Bothwell Castle on the Clyde, Tam O'Shanter's bridge over the Doon, the dizzy heights of St. Gothard's Pass, the roadway along Lake Lucerne tunnelled in the solid rock, and the still, peaceful beauty of picturesque Lake Killarney; all these, passing in quick succession before our eyes, taught us, by a very pleasant and a most vivid object lesson, the noble and inspiring influences of lakes and streams on the history, science, art and literature of the human race.

Hon. Albert Walker on Free Trade.

Friday evening, Nov. 17, the Republican as well as the Democratic students of the upper classes listened with pleasure to an address given by Hon. Albert Walker of Hartford on Free Trade. Mr. Walker spoke very clearly and fairly, although his arguments were made rather in the negative, against Protection than for the support of Free Trade.

The speaker first called the attention of his audience to the importance of the subject "Tariff," which goes toward the root of human experience and concerns the prosperity of millions. The tariff is a list of duties levied by Congress on imported goods. The duties are divided into two classes: first, duties on imported articles which are also produced in this country; second, on imported articles which are not produced in this country. The true definition of Free Trade is, then, a policy which favors, not the entire abolition of customs, but the taxation of imported articles of the second class only, while Protection favors the taxation of articles of the first class alone.

According to the latter principle, there is a tariff tax of 40 per cent. on woolens, which amount of duty is added to the original price of the goods beyond importation. The United States dealers, in turn, demand an equal price for their merchandise which, in reality, does not cost them nearly so large a price and the surplus money thus obtained goes, not into the national treasury, but into the pockets of the individual. The Protectionist, therefore, wishes to raise money by customs on woolen goods, manufactured silks and other articles to be protected against foreign competition, while a Free Trader would make his gain on tea, coffee, india rubber and such articles upon which no artificial price can be laid.

Yet this method of Protection is not altogether to be condemned simply because it is an artificial one, both in prices and in raising products which nature did not intend for this country; but Mr. Walker asserted that the arguments which support Protection are not valid. The first argument, known as the Infant Industry Argument, claims that Protection creates and promotes many industries in U. S. which could not otherwise exist. This was a legitimate argument in the earlier part of the century when Protection served as a bridge over a chasm to the young enterprises, but all industries have been nourished and are now ready to cope with foreign nations. One exception was mentioned, that of the raw silk industry; but here the Republican party is not true to its principles and when Protection might be used to advantage it is lacking. Yet in such a case as wool industries, although wool is raised so much more cheaply in all foreign countries, the Republicans prefer to protect this industry maintained with so much extra cost and trouble here. Thus needless loss ensues and no gain is given to mankind.

Again Protective Tariff is said to enable and induce the employer of labor to give higher wages to the employee, but upon analysis though it appears that Protective Tariff does enable the employer to give higher wages, it does not induce him to do so. For, in the first place, laborers always outnumber the work and secondly, while it does enable and even, in some cases, induce the employer to pay higher wages, yet it does not induce him to such an extent as the present rate of duty calls for. The most striking illustration of this is the case of railway rails which are sold by American manufacturers for $17 more per ton by virtue of the tariff, than the cost of rails in England. Yet only $8 of the $17 go to the employee and no deduction is made on the price, though they are made with much less expense in this country, unless it be the minute sum of $.03 per per ton, enough to buy an old fashioned postage stamp.

Lastly, the argument is put forth that commercial products are kept at home and in so far as they are kept at home by Protective Tariff, so far is it of value. But reduction would have to be carried to such an extent as to drive a man out of business in order to counteract this advantage, and the tariff would, in truth, admit of a very unsparing pruning before a calamity would happen. Here arises, too, the question, are the products protected with what they cost? In answering, the consumer must be taken into account as well as the nation.

The contest now at issue is between capital and labor. The tariff of revenue is the only cause for the people. Free Trade is the general rule and Protection the particular exception. Unless Protection can be shown necessary, Free Trade, the general principle, goes to the foundation of material good.

The National Woman's Suffrage Association.

On Monday evening, Nov. 19, an interested audience gathered in the chapel to visit in fancy under Prof. Hayes' guidance, the Woman's International convention held in Washington last March. Addressing her audience as fellow-citizens, the speaker prefaced her remarks by a brief outline of the origin from which the world-wide movement has grown. The woman's suffrage movement of our country dates back to the time of the first anti-slavery conventions and involves a principle nearly identical.

The convention of March, 1888, celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the National Woman's Suffrage Association. With brief word pictures, Miss Hayes brought the assemblage of quietly dressed, earnest women before us. Most prominent among the women present was Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton who presided with grace and dignity at most of the meetings of the convention. Next, must come the name of Lucy Stone, the plain and simple woman whose eloquence has given her the name of the silver-tongued Lucy Stone. Third in the list of these famous women comes the name of Susan B. Anthony, whose kindly face has lost none of its sweetness and tenderness through the forty years of reviling and denunciation to which she has been subjected.

Miss Hayes gave next a program of the week's meetings. On Sunday, March 25, the first meeting was held. At this time seven women, all ministers, spoke with an eloquence and an earnestness which proved the sacredness of their call to the ministry. On Monday, the council was formally begun and the foreign delegates were introduced. In the list were some, as Pundita Ramabai and Mrs. Chant, whose earnest faces and eloquent voices have been an inspiration in Wellesley's halls.

The days of the week that followed were full of deep thought and earnest words. Clara Barton, with the banner of the Red Cross behind her presented one of the most polished papers of the week. Such well-known women as Anna Gordon, Mary Hunt and Frances E. Willard spoke on the subject of their life work, the temperance cause. One meeting was devoted to the industries, another to the professions. Julia Ward Howe, president of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, spoke on the subject of organization. A portion of one meeting was given up to Lily Devereux Blake, who rose to prominence several years since through her convincing answers to Dr. Morgan Dix's fallacious arguments concerning woman's sphere. Toward the end of the week, Mrs. Chant, Miss Willard and others spoke with solemn effect on the subject of social purity.

Two evenings in the week were devoted to the discussion of political conditions of women, when such women as Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, Mrs. Ashton Dill and Helen H. Gardner spoke from the standpoints of constitutional right and practical effectiveness. The last named speaker defended woman's brain, as capable of thinking, both broad and deep, and especially of mathematical thinking. On the last day of the week, the pioneer's meeting, a season of pleasant retrospection, was held. After the Sabbath's discussion of women in the church, on Monday morning the women were given a hearing before a committee of the senate, where for the seventeenth time Mrs. Stanton made an eloquent plea for the rights of women and was for the seventeenth time refused. This closed the Woman's International convention which had represented, according to official statement, fifty-three industries, had received forty-nine foreign delegates and had listened to eighty speakers.

Miss Hayes closed with an appeal to her hearers to support the central idea of this international convention, the elevation of women and the preservation of the home. From the earnest words of the speaker we are sure that every hearer felt a new inspiration to join her efforts with those of the great women all over the world who are striving to make impure laws pure, and to bring about common standards of morality and of justice for man and woman.

Shakespeare Society.

PROGRAM, NOVEMBER 19, 1888.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

I. Shakespeare News.....Miss Osborne
II. Essay, Sonnets of Shakespeare.....Miss Williamson
III. Soliloquy of King Henry, Act IV, Sc. 3.....Miss Swift
IV. Essay, Proposals from Shakespeare.....Miss Macky
V. Historical Setting of the Play.....Miss De Rochemont
VI. Representation—Act III, Sc. 4 and Act V, Sc. 2.
Katherine.....Miss Byington
King Henry IV.....Miss Walker
Alice.....Miss Hamlin

SHAKESPEARE NOTES.

The November number of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains a notice of Furness' Merchant of Venice, which is now ready. The magazine contains an interesting summary of the leading topics discussed by Mr. Furness, closing with a humorous and suggestive allusion to the theory of Baconian authorship.

The October *Shakespeariana* opens with "How did you become a Shakespeare Student?" The question is answered by Halliwell-Phillips, Horace Howard Furness, William J. Rolfe and Mary Cowden Clark. This article is followed by a Bibliography of "The Taming of the Shrew" by Talcott Williams, and a "List of Shakespeare Operas, Operatized Dramas and Overtures" by Helen A. Clark. In "A School of Shakespeare" Wm. Taylor Thom treats of Henry VIII.

Under Miscellany are discussed Shakespeare's Knowledge of Somnambulism—Elizabethan Booksellers—and Garrick's Shakespeare Commemoration. When the statue of Shakespeare, presented by Mr. Knighton to the city of Paris, was unveiled, the *Gazette de France* with that narrowness which distinguished all mixtures in that country of Roman Catholicism and political conservation, protested against this 'tribute to the foreigner.' 'France,' it says, 'does too much for this Englishman, who did such an ill service to Joan of Arc, whose memory is kept alive only by that wretched equestrian statue (worthy of being done in zinc) of the Plan of Pyramids.'

Le Paris, an Opportunist journal, replying to the organ of the throne and altar, admits that Shakespeare certainly was an Englishman. 'But where,' it proudly asks, 'did Shakespeare's writings receive their greatest consecration? Why, in Paris, whose mark the works of genius of other great cities must receive before they can be regarded as circulating medium. Beausee the French capital did more than London to secure celebrity to Shakespeare. Mr. Knighton presented his statue to the Municipal Council, which is setting it up in a quarter affected by English and Americans who come to live here.'

OUR OUTLOOK.

We wish we could give the COURANT readers the full text of Miss Willard's address before the National Convention of the W. C. T. U. The limits of the *Outlook* column only permit us to quote a portion of the discussion of one of the various topics dwelt upon in that address. When we reflect that Francis Willard is beyond question one of the ablest organizers of our time and that where she leads thousands will follow, her words concerning woman's ecclesiastical status become invested with more than ordinary significance and importance. This is what she says:

"By a strange and grievous paradox, the Church of Christ, although first to recognize and nurture woman's spiritual powers, is one of the most difficult centres to reach with the sense of justice toward her, under the improved condition of her present development and opportunity. The sense of authority is here so strong, and woman's capacities for reverence and humility are still so great, that, while we cannot fail to deprecate, we need not wonder at the present situation. Here, as elsewhere, enlightened womanhood will come with the magic open sesame which shall ere long prevail even against these gates so sedulosly barred: *Woman, like man, should be freely permitted to do whatever she can do well.*

Who that is reasonable doubts that if we had, in every church, a voice in all its circles of power, it would be better for the church, making it more homelike and attractive, more endeared to the people, and hence more effective in its great mission of brotherly and sisterly love? By what religious principle of law or logic are we excluded from church councils when we so largely make up the church's membership? Who that did not know it beforehand would believe that good men actually desire to keep us out? Antecedently, I would have my affidavit that nothing could have pleased them so much as to have had us come in and share with them the power and honor, as we do the burdens and responsibilities, of the church home.

This has been a year of unequalled public discussion relative to woman's church relations, when it is a question of authority and honor rather than of church repairs and debt-lifting. And I must say, in sorrow, not in anger, our brethren have won no laurels for themselves, nor endeared the gentle Gospel of Him who was always woman's friend, to the great jury of fair-minded men who, from the outer court, have watched the fray. When everything else pertaining to the great conference gathered here in May last shall be forgotten, the fact that it rejected duly chosen women delegates just because they were women, will still be remembered and recounted, as an injustice fitted to make angels weep. The Methodist Protestant Conference that refused to license women, and sent forth its dictum against its own act whereby at a former session it had ordained that good and gifted woman, Rev. Annie Shaw, made a record equally unenviable. The Baptist Association of Louisiana, which refused seats to women delegates, enacted on its little stage the same tragedy witnessed in this great auditorium by all the world."

Miss Willard quotes the memorial presented to the Presbyterian General Assembly in Philadelphia on behalf of the W. C. T. U., asking the Assembly to say a friendly word for that Association, which request was not granted; and she continues:

"Women go to other learned professions and are politely treated; they are admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States and as delegates to the National Medical Association; but no matter how considerately their words are ordered, and although they, as the unrepresented class, might naturally look for the courtesies which are held by some to be a compensation for that feeble-minded estate, they oftentimes receive from the class of men whom they do most to help, no adequate notice or reply. Reverently I say it: They come unto their own, and their own receive them not.

I do not forget the minority of large-natured men who pleaded our cause with holy zeal and gracious eloquence before the General Conference. If ever my heart paid the tribute of happy homage and unforgetting gratitude to mortals, it does to them, and I know that your hearts are as mine in this earnest recognition.

If anybody thinks that a finality was reached on that memorable day of our defeat, he must be so loftily insulated on some official non-conductor that the swift currents of the people's thought and purpose have not reached him with their electric shock. "What shall be done about it?" is everywhere the question.

"Stay in the church and help reform it," says one. "No, that is impossible; old churches and old parties are equally crystallized," comes the reply. "Let the W. C. T. U. organize a church, and we will join it, every man of us," is the declaration of an influential group of earnest men. "No, we have too many churches already," objects a listener; "let the wheat and tares grow together until the harvest." Meanwhile many letters and consultations with men and women high in church circles develop on the part of some a plan like this:

An organization to be formed, called the "Church Union," made up of those who are unwilling longer to leave inoperative the protest of their souls against a government of the church by its minority; this Church Union to be open to any and all who will subscribe to the Apostles' Creed, and the triple pledge of total abstinence, anti-tobacco, and social purity; none of the members obliged to leave a church to which they now belong in order to join this; men and women to be on terms of perfect equality, and women to be regularly licensed and ordained. The special work of this Church Union would be among the masses of the people, still, alas! so generally ungospeled; and in foreign lands, especially among the women. In this country, buildings now devoted to amusements to be utilized rather than new ones erected, and everywhere the steadfast effort made to go, not send, and to go rather than stay at home and say "Come," to the great Humanity that beats its life along the stony streets.

But, for myself, I love my mother-church so well, and recognize so thoroughly that the base and body of the great pyramid she forms is broader than its apex, that I would fain give her a little time in which to deal justly by the great household of her loving, loyal and devoted daughters. I would fain wait four years longer, in fervent hope and prayer that the great body of her ministers and of her membership may make it manifest to all the world that the church of Lady Huntington, Barbara Heck and Phebe Palmer does not hesitate to march with the progressive age it has done so much to educate, nor fear to carry to their logical sequence its lifelong teachings as to woman's equality within the house of God. I say this frankly from my present outlook, though so often urged, and not a little tempted, and sometimes quite determined to take a new departure. The time will come, however, and not many years from now, when, if representation is still denied us, it will be our solemn duty to raise once more the cry: "Here I stand, I can do no other," and step out into the larger liberty of a religious movement where majorities, and not minorities, determine the fitness of woman as delegates, and where the laying on of hands in consecration, as was undoubtedly done in the early church, shall be decreed on a basis of "gifts, grace, and usefulness," irrespective of sex."

The sixth number of "Four Moons Abroad," missing this week, will appear in our next issue.

An Opera of Rest.

TRANSLATION BY PROFESSOR MORGAN.

Our first reception in celebration of Prof. Horsford's providing for the college faculty a room for rest, was a grateful satisfaction in the whole environment of soft comfort and harmonious beauties. We reposed at first in the attitude of that cherub, whose tranquil expression, in the foreground of Raphael's Sistine Madonna, proposes that we begin living without waiting to understand all the principles and processes of life. But as soon as our powers begin to feel the uplifting effects of the reviving repose we eagerly sympathize with the other cherub. His analytic disposition searches out the parts that serve together to accomplish the satisfactory result. He must justify his satisfaction. His penetrating gaze leads us into excursions among the mysteries above the ordinary eye line. The gold underlying all the themes of flower and fruit dazzles the eyes that seek it. The intricate curves, controlled into mathematical forms, and the possibilities unmeasured in the liberty of flying ribbons, puzzle the mind in that first effort toward direct comprehension.

The first feeling is agitated with the misgiving which attended our earliest readings of the descriptions of the New Jerusalem: "The street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass." The eyes, cast down by the brightness reflected from the gold ceiling, rest upon the gold at the bases of the pillars that support the arches of the window recess. This gold at the pillar bases so near our feet that we can easily touch it recalls the golden oranges of Sorrento, affording the far-away sunshine of the Italian skies in concrete form for human nature's simple, present need. It may be that that golden fruit was in the artist's thought. That form in nature's varied composition for offering her high themes in such embodiment as our life in this sense-anchored time can grasp, must have been noted by this studious eye. In the architecture of Wellesley life this home parlor connects *en suite* with that great hall of European vacation assigned by our chivalrous host to the guests whom he invites, for Sabbatical years, into his castle of rest. The decorations of the newer room are variations upon the Sabbatical theme; hence every true interpretation of the one will lead toward comprehending the other. The clear correspondence in style between the two may be due to the fact that the same artist who has dramatized Mr. Tryon's theme and composed the harmony of curves that unite the diverse parts, was in Europe at the beginning of the Sabbatical years, dramatizing the great themes of Italy. By his aerial perspective the long historic lines were measured within the limited spring days, that Italy might actually offer its restful decorations within the comprehension of Professor Horsford's guest.

But there is no way of explanation that cuts across the ancient channels of philosophy and rhetoric with a more tantalizing resistance than an artist's account of his artistic motives. Beethoven will never acknowledge the words which you propose for his sonata. The painter regards our view of the laws of life, traced in his curves, as a mirage from the dry desert of composition. Yet our interpretation is a real discovery of the truth.

Probably Mr. Mackintosh would reply, "I decided to cover these pillar bases with gold as a simple point of composition." Certainly, sir, but that does not prove that the expression has no meaning. What is composition *for* if not to tell the ideas which you wish other people to see? Of course the gold underlying this whole decoration is a symbol of ultimate value; it no more admits the idea of coining it to obtain something else than does the New Jerusalem gold. We can't ask, "What is it for?"

"I don't know about your *of course*. Mr. Tryon chose this gold background because it is the only background that will subdue into harmony all these brilliant colors. It is the lustre of the metal as well as its color, that controls the light over the other elements in the composition." "Exactly; as it is the lustre of the ultimate satisfaction that in the anticipation and in the foretaste that is offered in the portions at the bases of the pillars, justifies into harmony the vicissitudes of this developing life. It would be difficult, indeed, to appreciate the heaven-gold if the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow were not a near reality. The shifting cloud and sunshine select ever a new point where the rainbow bridge shall touch our earth, till at length we can hardly find a rational standpoint, without discovering some gleam of its golden promise. With tranquil confidence we follow the charming curves that lead us among the rich garlands of flowers and fruit. The construction of the lines of the drawing by combination of separate sections suggests musical motion in perfect legato of distinct notes. We receive the restward influence long before we understand the art which makes the rhythmic impression.

But the screen relieves our uncertain efforts toward comprehension, as the libretto offered in the overture before the first act of an opera. The argument is as old as the scheme of evolution and as new as each new life that inherits the earth. Each new person must claim his inheritance by learning the earth laws and asserting his free dominion. We read the panels from bottom upward, recognizing the method which we have already learned in other books of the laws of evolution. The first movement circles in equal measures about a fixed centre; but a higher law limits this law of gravitation before its movement has formed a complete circle. The new movement, re-arranging the earth dust in varying bodies, yields in turn to its own sovereign. Each new kingdom justifies its rule by a higher result and by recognizing all the earlier laws. To each law honor within its own sphere is recorded. The balance of curves necessary in an artistic composition obeying the conventional law of symmetry, forms the outline of each movement into the suggestion of a crown. This correlation of authority and symmetry, in the governing of human life is so clear, in the universal experience, the artist must have felt it as the motive in this drawing whether he recognized it or not.

The last figure is an allegro with hold upward movement. From the forming of complete crystals, the life movement in those incomplete leaves is a great transition. The libretto must end at the top of the screen by the necessary laws of composition; but rhetorical art could propose no better point for leaving us to the unlimited imagination. If we take the last figure as a candelabrum, our imagination can supply lights that illumine the whole argument; if the figure is an umbel branching to its flower-points, the reserve which permits us to supply ideal blossoms is consummate art. Compare its appeal to our imagination with Hawthorne's masterly pause at the tips of Donatello's ears. A few of the readers of Hawthorne's Marble Faun wrote to demand of the author whether those ear-tips were really furry. He deserves our gratitude that he refused to limit the liberty of our imagination, by offering words to define the chasm between faun and man. If our imagination will not wing us over, we must stand at the prose limit; but it is not the fault of the artist. So we are permitted to complete the last movement of this painting with the Promethean fire tongues or with the joy blossoms gained through dominion over the earth. Both are true, both are ours.

The reluctance of artists to offer any translation of their own composition might well intimidate the translators, who contemplate artistic work from within the prose line. Let us at least recognize the truth that poetry, music, painting, architecture and the nature harmonies that suggest the art expressions, are universal language. No particular interpretation can offer more than a suggestion toward the unlimited variation of particular life experience involved in the universal ideal which the artist proposes.

Thanksgiving Visions.

JOSEPHA VIRGINIA SWEETSER, '90.

I see a spacious dwelling,
And with lights 'tis all aglow,
And through plate-glass windows, curtained warm, they shine.
I hear the strains of music,
Sound of flute and violin,
And I see the amber glitter of the wine.
I know on tables covered o'er with shining damask fair,
Silver glistens and the dainty china stands,
From the chandelier droop smilax sprays and fragrant roses rare,
All made beautiful by deft and skilful hands.
Then I know it is Thanksgiving,
In the home of wealth and pride,
Yet my heart finds not its satisfaction there;
But although the banquet waiteth,
And though everything is gay,
I will keep my own Thanksgiving day elsewhere.

I see a roomy farmhouse,
With a wide, inviting door,
And the turkey strutting proudly in the yard.
Great heaps of yellow squashes,
Ripened apples, russet, red,
And old Dick, the watch-dog, wisely keeping guard.
I know within that homestead there are hearts that for me pray,
Hearts that eagerly for my home-coming yearn,
And in every preparation for glad Thanksgiving day,
Is the thought of me and wish for my return.
"Lo, He crowneth thee with mercies,
And with loving kindnesses,"
Oh, look up, my heart, and glad and grateful say;
For the home and for the dear ones,
Do thou bless the Lord, my soul,
'Tis with them that thou shalt keep Thanksgiving day.

Autumn In Wyoming Valley.

F. C. L., SPECIAL STUDENT.

The Vale is robed in scarlet, in scarlet flecked with gold;
Her garments rustle sadly to the touch of Winter cold;
Their warp has threads of silver, of richest brown and green,
With subtle beauty woven in for Pennsylvania's Queen;
While all along their borders—our everchanging hills—
The misty haze is hanging, with dainty loops and frills.
The forest spreads her banquet; the frost-king serves in state
Blithe-hearted children gathered to her October fête;
The red-breast, first to leave it, rides south on Summer's breeze,
And then we miss the aster and the busy Martha bees.
The sun still smiles benignly in his old-time, courtly way;
Dame Nature urges fondly: "Dear Autumn, prithee stay."
But Winter rudely warns her. Alas! she must depart;
And with her charm and beauty, goes all of Nature's heart.

THE HOME LIFE.

AN OPEN LETTER FROM MARY C. MONROE, FORMERLY OF RHETORICAL DEPARTMENT.

I notice in the COURANT that space is given to the work of women which is connected with public affairs; it shows her relation to the state, what she is doing in politics, for education, for science, for temperance, etc. It is the work of women which is seen and heard. For a long time women have been too indifferent to the opportunities open to them in such ways, and have failed to bear the part which the state and society justly claimed from them, at the same time narrowing their own lives and usefulness. But now in their zeal for these new absorbing interests, is there danger that the work which cannot be seen nor heard may be neglected or considered of little importance? I think there certainly is.

I took up the other day a volume of poems recently published, which treated entirely of *homely* subjects; and the author in his preface, as if he needed to make some apology or explanation, said: "In a period when the tendency is away from the daily home life which is the security of the individual and the hope of the nation, I have tried to depict some of its gentle attractions; thankful if I may thus express my gratitude to God for the home life of my childhood as well as that of my maturer years." Lest there be an indignant denial of the supposition that at present there is a tendency away from the home life, let me quote from a letter just received from a young minister's wife. She has been for some years an invalid, and has just returned from a summer in the hills where she gained remarkably in health and strength. She writes: "I think I can amuse you by telling you some of the things I have been asked to perform since coming home. The first Sabbath I was asked to lead in prayer at the session of the Sunday school; and to preside at a meeting in the evening and introduce the speaker, one of our W. C. T. U. women. I found when I came home that I was a delegate to two conventions, both to come off the next week. At one I was asked to lead the devotional exercises, and from the other I was expected to bring a written report to be read here. The next week I was made a delegate to two more meetings. From these I was expected to bring home a written report. I was also elected president of the Y. P. S. C. E. and asked to lead their Sabbath evening prayer meeting last Sabbath. To my astonishment, if I could be astonished any more, I was put on a committee consisting of three to superintend some sort of entertainment—one a month for the next three months—to be in our church parlors. The other day, I was asked if the W. C. T. U. society might meet at our house this week; and I was invited to go to a County Sabbath School Teachers' convention to-morrow. I am only surprised that I was *not* asked to read a paper. Besides all this, I have taught my Bible class (*which is composed of young men over twenty years old*) and had charge of a foreign missionary meeting. I am also asked if the young people who take part in our entertainment may come to me to be drilled in their recitations and readings. Is not this a list? and I have not told you quite all. Although I did not consent to all these duties, yet the being asked for so many nearly overwhelmed me for a week and I felt as though I were doing them all the time."

Do you call this an extreme case? The lady lives in a small country village where, if anywhere, it would seem that examples would all go to show the quiet home life of women. But here in the town where I live, during the month of October, the women have received two conventions of women—one for temperance, one for home and foreign missions—have been sent as delegates to two others out of town—one for temperance, one for foreign missions. These are outside of the great meeting of the American Board in Cleveland which these same women considered it a privilege and duty to attend. These conventions generally meet for three days, making a total in the month of October of twelve solid days of public meetings for simply local conventions. When one thinks in addition of the papers written, time spent in journeying and in preparation for the conventions, do you wonder if I question whether the unseen, quiet life of the home is neglected? or considered of little importance? or whether the poet was right when he said there is a tendency away from the home life?

The public life with its variety and movement offers to many women a glad relief from the monotony, the confinement of their homes. They weary of the repetition of details, the "over and overness" of the work at home which has so little to show as a result and has involved so much strength and time. But what is the work of a woman at home when rightly regarded? It is the well ordering of a house, so that the machinery of its movement is not felt, but the result is order, beauty, a place of rest, where body and mind and soul are cared for. There are many departments of work, the kitchen, the laundry, the furnishing, the decorating, the utilizing of material, the arrangement of work; there are children to be reared, trained, educated. When sickness comes there is the work of a nurse, if not a physician; and at any time the woman may have to provide for the entertainment of guests. If the man of the home earns the money, the greater part of the expenditure of the income will fall to the woman, and the economical, thrifty ways of the household must in a large measure depend upon her. In this view of the home life, the work appears varied and important and sufficient for the time of any woman. But it is variously regarded and variously accomplished. The cooking, for example, is done, for people must eat; but how many women *give their mind* to the buying, preparation and service of food, that every meal may be most dainty, most savory and nutritious, offering as great a variety as possible? The washing and ironing, too, may be done somehow; but to have the knowledge and perseverance which shall demand from working women perfection in either art, requires no little thought. Not the least important is the systematic arrangement of work, so that every duty has its place and time. Under ordinary circumstances this will be found to give a woman a little time for work or pleasure outside of home cares. She may then interest herself in public affairs, in charities, in missions, in temperance, in church and school, so far as her strength will allow; and both she and the world will be profited because she is interested in other homes beside her own and other families than her own.

The evil is felt when the outside work becomes more interesting or more pressing than the work at home. When a woman is so involved in public affairs that her own home sees her only at meal time, and the children are left to nurses, or—to take a less extreme case—when she tries to do the work at home and the work abroad together, and is restless, nervous, with no time to sit quietly with her family, bringing them repose by her own repose—then has she sadly mistaken the true relation of things. The world is full of bustle, of activity, of noise; the public and the public life may be found everywhere. There is only one place which can be kept sacred for quiet, for retirement, for rest, for comfort, and for restoring and fitting the mind for work. That is the home. If, then, the anxiety and turmoil of a public life are introduced there, who can estimate the loss to society as well as to the members of the home!

Every work which women are fitted to do should receive from them a true estimation that each may be valued in its place. Let the part of a woman in directing the household be considered a noble business or profession that will engage the powers of a mind quickened by our best college training, and there may be fewer numbers at the conventions, perhaps even fewer conventions; but one end for which the public work is organized will be secured more truly: the temperance, purity, education of our youth. As I am writing to students let me repeat in this connection the words of Emerson: "The public can get public experience, but they wish the scholar to replace to them those private, sincere, divine experiences of which they have been defrauded by dwelling in the street." And I believe these experiences may be had in the home.

A GLIMPSE AT THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

M. R. MANN, '85.

No wide-awake American can live within a reasonable distance of Boston without hearing some rumors of the so-called "School Question." Much has been brought to light in pulpit, platform and press concerning the attitude of the Roman Catholic church towards our public schools. What can be plainer than the following from a papal encyclical:—

"Art. XLV. The Romish Church has a right to interfere in the discipline of the public schools and in the arrangement of the studies of the public schools and in the choice of the teachers for these schools."

"Art. XLV. Public schools open to all children for the education of the young should be under the control of the Romish Church, should not be subject to the civil power, nor made to conform to the opinions of the age."

This from the Pope whose judgment is infallible! In the same letter he declares that the church will withhold the sacraments from parents who refuse to send their children to the parochial schools, thereby intimidating communicants and causing them to bow under the iron rod of Rome.

At the present time there are in the United States 2206 parochial schools with a little over half a million pupils. In the archdiocese of Boston, there are 42 parochial schools with 22,250 pupils. In the city of Boston we find 13 schools with 6263 pupils.

What are these 6263 city children taught? Are they taught to honor and love America and American institutions? Are they taught the requisites of good citizenship? Are they taught to be Americans first and Catholics afterwards? What is the product of the parochial school taught by the sisters and managed by the priests?

Not long since, wishing to answer these questions by personal observation, I knocked at the school-room of the SS. Peter and Paul Parochial school, Broadway, S. Boston. This school has 1100 pupils. The door was opened by a sister with the usual white cap, black dress and rosary of the order. Upon my stating my desire to visit the school, she looked at me in astonishment, and said: "We never allow visitors in our schools." I went to the Lady Superior, she asked me two questions; first, "Are you a teacher?" second, "Are you a Protestant?" From her I received the same answer;—"We never allow visitors in our schools."

I then sought the doors of St. Joseph's school with no better results. I next sent up my petition at the shrine of St. Agnes in the Church of the Gate of Heaven, S. Boston. The preliminary steps were identical with the former cases; the same questions asked; the same answer given, but the Lady Superior of St. Agnes seemed more liberal than the others whom I had met and finally allowed me to enter the school-room. (Not, however, until after she had a few whispered words with the sister in charge, presumably telling her that a heretic was in their midst.)

Five hundred girls classed in nine grades attend Saint Agnes school. The school-rooms resemble the ordinary class-room, there is the usual furniture and, in addition, pictures of various saints are hung upon the walls; over each teacher's desk is an image of the Virgin, before which the children are taught to pray; over the door of each class-room hangs a Crucifix.

The teachers are, for the most part, Sisters of Notre Dame, and the school is under the immediate supervision of the parish priest.

At the opening exercises the pupils all repeat the Lord's Prayer, omitting "For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever," because the Catechism teaches them that the kingdom and power and glory all belong to the Pope. After the Lord's Prayer they say the angelical salutation, the Apostles' Creed and the Confiteor. Then the lessons of the day begin. The first half hour or, in the confirmation classes, the first hour is given to the study of the Catechism. The children are carefully instructed as to the mysteries of indulgences, the scapular, the sacraments and other institutions peculiar to the church of Rome. At the beginning of each hour the sound of a tinkling bell is heard and instantly every scholar assumes a devout attitude; the child at the board drops her chalk, the pupil reciting geography leaves Maine unbounded on the north and all unite in repeating the "Hail Mary" and a part of the Confiteor. This is called, "Blessing the Hour."

Bismarck said, the saddest sight he saw in France was the school-books falsifying history. That sight can be seen in Boston to-day. In all the parochial schools, Sadlier's Excelsior Studies in the History of the United States (W. H. Sadlier, 11 Barclay St, N. Y.) is used as a text-book. In this book appears the following statement:

"It is simply wonderful how the part enacted by Catholics on our soil, from the days of Columbus to the present time, has been persistently and coolly ignored by writers of text-books; so that, from this very silence, a child of even ordinary intellect could not fail to infer that Catholicity has done little, or nothing, for our country; whereas, the reverse is singularly and emphatically the case." * * * * *
"The independence of the United States was, in a great degree, secured by Catholic blood, talent and treasure."

In the biographical sketches, thirty lines are given to Daniel Webster, thirty-seven to Father Peter de Smet, twenty-five to Gen. Grant, twenty-six to Cardinal McClosky, twenty-nine to Washington, forty-four to Most Rev. John Hughes.

In a chapter on Art and Literature of the present century, seven Protestant prose writers and eight poets are given against fifteen Catholic prose writers and five poets.

Each period of history is followed by a chapter giving the history of the Catholic church during the time; no note is taken of the progress of the Protestant church. One learns much of Catholic bishops. Have there been no Methodist or Episcopal bishops? The part that the sisters took in allaying the suffering during the Civil war has deserved praise. Was there no Mary Livermore? Throughout the book, one finds laudations of Catholic achievement over Protestant deeds; in studying it, one is impressed by the teaching that the Roman Catholic church is the great moral force destined to redeem the land. The book is not written in a spirit to inspire enthusiasm for American institutions, but rather zeal for the church of Rome.

There are two books which have a large circulation and are placed freely in the hands of young Catholics; one, "A sure way to find out the True Religion," the other, "Plain Talk about the Protestantism of To-Day," both published by T. B. Noonan, Boston. The first teaches the following of Martin Luther:

"A man mad with lust, who wrote most horrid blasphemy and corrupted the Bible, who was a notorious drunkard and companion of the devils, who was proud as Satan himself, a preacher of sedition and murder."

What does the Catholic church teach in regard to the Bible? "The Holy Bible is not, nor can it be the rule of faith. The Bible is undoubtedly the word of God. We Catholics know it even better than Protestants. The Bible contains naught but what is the teaching of God. And yet the Bible is not, the Bible cannot be the Rule of our faith in the Protestant sense."

"Why?"

I. "Because Jesus Christ has not said to his disciples, 'Go and carry the Bible,' but 'Go and teach all nations.'"

II. "Because a simple glance at Holy Writ, and especially at the New Testament, will convince us that they do not contain a catechism."

III. "Because it contains a great many passages so difficult in their divine depth, as to surpass the keenest understanding," etc. (Plain talk about the Protestantism of to-day.)

Is it not clear from these teachings why Rome wishes to control the education of Catholic youth in America? Unless Rome can educate, she cannot rule. Rome's anxiety is not for a better education, but for a more serviceable one; an education which will be destructive to the genius of American institutions. Our public schools produce the American citizen; to the schools the State looks for security; "The Public school is the corner stone of the republic." When then, these are attacked by Romish power, is it not a reasonable cause of alarm?"

When nearly one half a million future citizens are being educated under a system which is practically secret and educated not as American citizens, but as Roman Catholic Americans, is not the proposition that all schools be under the inspection of a State Board justifiable?

The question of the Parochial School system is one of vital impor-

tance, not only to every patriot, but also to every Christian who has at heart the onward progress of humanity and who would see his country fulfil its high mission as leader of civil and religious liberty among the nations of the earth.

These are a few of the glimpses to be had when the curtain is raised on the Roman Catholic Parochial school system. Surely they carry their own lesson to every patriotic heart.

TOLSTOI, THE MAN.

CORNELIA R. ADAMS, '91.

Most writers are remarkable only in their literary work; their lives are not unlike those of the thousands that lack their genius. They influence us only through their books, and we feel their personality merely in the little they reflect themselves in their writings.

It is not thus with Tolstoi. Though he has been called the greatest living novelist, his character is more remarkable than his literary genius. The example of his life will have a far more powerful influence than the warnings he gives us in his most realistic novels. Some one has said: "Count Tolstoi has impressed himself upon our time as one of the world's prophets, a personality more potent than any other writer of this century." His power over the poor among whom he lives and labors is greater than that which his pen could possibly wield over the many every where that read his books. It is then as the man rather than as the writer, that we would look at Tolstoi and go over the circumstances that lead up to the revolution in his thought and life.

Tolstoi was born in a village near Tonla in 1829. He is a descendant of Count Tolstoi, the friend of Peter the Great. He was educated at the university of Kazan and, after teaching for some time, he entered the army. While in the service he travelled to the Caucasus and it was here that he wrote his earliest novels. It is interesting to notice how his life from the first has been governed by some principle to which he has steadfastly adhered until finding it to be false, when he has sought for another which appeals to him as something truer and higher. At this time, the period of his soldier life, he says: "I worshipped force and strove physically and mentally to obtain it."

After leaving the military service, he devoted himself to literary work. His aim now was intellectual attainment. He went to St. Petersburg and enjoyed fame among the leading men in society and letters. His belief was in "individual progress." He met with great success, his books were much sought after, his desire for advancement and superiority among the learned was gratified to the utmost. He had rank, wealth, fame at home and abroad, but a life so artificial could not long satisfy a nature such as his. He himself says of his life at this time: "I found no *real* progress." At present he looks back upon this period with the greatest remorse and, in writing of it, he painfully exaggerates the faults and mistaken ideas that absorbed him and cruelly upbraids himself for the sinfulness and selfishness that filled his days.

He then retired into a more quiet existence, became a magistrate and taught school; he even compiled a spelling-book for the use of his pupils. With this life, apparently so useful, so full of good deeds, he became dissatisfied, longing for something yet unattained; and he went forth among the Bashkirs to breathe purer air, drink kumis and lead a purely animal existence.

On his return, Tolstoi married and became absorbed in the joys of his home, thinking that at last he had found the only real happiness, but later the old want returned. He felt once more that as yet he had not found truth. His life did not mean enough to him. He became gloomy and despairing and contemplated suicide. All his principles had proved false; in society he had found shallowness and vain-glory; in his career as a magistrate and teacher, a mere title kept him too far from the people; in the home surroundings he had realized love and happiness, but to him it seemed a life full of selfishness; in the church he saw mere form and conventionalism. At last he claimed Christ as the only way to truth and determined to follow His teachings minutely in thought and action.

This was the step which occasioned the great revolution in his life. Possessing wealth, a beautiful home, admiring friends, himself a member of the Russian nobility and one of the most celebrated writers of his time, he renounced all to live with the poor and, putting away all signs of superiority, to labor side by side with the peasants that he might learn from their simple lives a more perfect faith and the true peace of mind: above all, that he might, while learning from them, bring them closer into the life that is hid with Christ.

"He learned that to know God and to live are one." Referring to the step he had taken, he says: "All these things came from my understanding the teaching of Christ otherwise than I had understood it. Christ had taught the millions of the simple. I believed and was saved."

Tolstoi has doctrines that perhaps we would not accept; he may be called an extremist, but can we help admiring and honoring a man who will reject position, wealth, home,—all, to consecrate himself to truth and that which he believes to be the real way of following Christ?

He now scorns title and fame, but he nevertheless has won for himself a new and higher glory, which his literary successes could not gain for him. He appeared first to us as the brilliant writer, diligent and determined in using his great gifts, but now we can see him as a hero before the whole world, himself regardless of all that pleases men, living and working as a true servant alone before his God.

Selected.

O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness.

—*Shakspere.*

God's goodness hath been great to thee;
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

—*Shakspere.*

Thanksgiving Day Proclamation.

A proclamation by the President of the United States:—

Constant thanksgiving and gratitude are due from the American people to Almighty God for his goodness and mercy which have followed them since the day he made them a nation and vouchsafed to them a free government. With loving kindness he has constantly led us in the way of prosperity, of greatness. He has not visited with swift punishment our shortcomings, but with gracious care he has warned us of our dependence upon his forebearance and has taught us that obedience to his holy law is the price of a continuance of his precious gifts.

In acknowledgment of all that God has done for us as a nation, and to the end that on an appointed day the united prayers and praises of a grateful country may reach the throne of grace, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of November instant, as a day of Thanksgiving and prayer, to be kept and observed throughout the land.

On that day let all our people suspend their ordinary work and occupations, and in their accustomed places of worship, with prayer and songs of praise, render thanks to God for all the mercies, for the abundant harvests which have rewarded the toil of the husbandman during the year that has passed, and for the rich rewards that have followed the labors of our people in their shops and their marts of trade and traffic. Let us give thanks for peace and for social order and contentment within our borders, and for our advancement in all that adds to national greatness. And mindful of the afflictive dispensation with which a portion of our land has been visited, let us, while we humble ourselves before the power of God, acknowledge his mercy in setting bounds to the deadly march of pestilence, and let our hearts be chastened by sympathy with our fellow countrymen who have suffered and who mourn.

And as we return thanks for all the blessings which we have received from the hands of our Heavenly Father, let us not forget that he has enjoined on us charity, and on this day of thanksgiving let us generously remember the poor and needy, so that our tribute of praise and gratitude may be acceptable in the sight of the Lord.

Done at the city of Washington on the first day of November, 1888, and in the year of Independence of the United States the 113th.

[Seal] GROVER CLEVELAND.

In witness hereof I have hereunto signed my name and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

By the President,
T. F. BAYARD, Secretary of State.

Thankfulness.

My God, I thank Thee who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right!

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For Thou Who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things!

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more;
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

GOTTLIEB: A THANKSGIVING STORY.

FLORENCE E. HOMER, '86.

So long as his mother was alive, life was no great problem to Gottlieb. To be sure, he had work enough to do. He had had that since the day his first pair of wooden shoes made their first clattering acquaintance with the cobblestones of Eckheim; but work to the German peasant lad was something to be taken for granted—he would never have thought of calling that a problem.

Gottlieb had no father. At a period in his life still earlier than that of the wooden shoes, honest Hans Hanson had gone marching away to help the Emperor fight the French. Then there had been a fearful battle at Sedan and a little later, when Gottlieb, one twilight, was strapped in his father's arm-chair, eating his supper of black bread and porridge, a great rough soldier had stood in the low house door and told the mother her little son was fatherless. And the mother had been very sad and wept much, and the grandmother, too, had wept much and that was all that Gottlieb could remember.

They dried their tears presently—the two women—and went to work again. One must not stop for over-much weeping when the bread is to earn; and, besides, the work was good for them—it gave them something to think of besides their trouble.

The grandmother sat in her corner all day long, knitting, knitting, and watching the little Gottlieb that he did not come to harm or mischief. And Frau Hanson—"thrifty Frau Bertha," the neighbors called her—tended the shrubs and vines that gave her fruit for market and, when it came market day, harnessed the dog to his worn red cart, filled the baskets with her finest fruit and walked by the red cart's side in her short skirts and wooden shoes and flat hat and great, astonishing crinoline bow pinned to her braids behind and sat all day in the market square, under the shadow of the tall St. Nicholas Church, selling her wares to the kitchen-maids in short-sleeved gowns and clean white caps, who came to buy.

As soon as Gottlieb was old enough, he used to go to market too. Frau Bertha liked to have him clattering along beside her, in his coarse blue blouse and long baggy trousers, his round face shining under his cap with cleanliness and content. Her friends among the market-women and her familiars among the bare-armed kitchen maids made complimentary remarks about the boy, and this pleased Frau Bertha.

But it was not long that the little Gottlieb could delight his round eyes with the varied scenes of the market square. The same authority that had made demand of his father's strong right arm on the battlefield strapped the smaller knapsack of books on the sturdy shoulders of the son and put him under the daily discipline of the Bürger school. So went life with Gottlieb until he found himself fifteen. He was a strong youth then, hopeful and brave, and he meant to know something other, one day, than the work of his mother's garden and journeys with the dog-cart to the market square. He planned sometimes how he would go out into the world to seek a better fortune for them all; how he would earn a steerage passage on one of the great Hamburg steamers that he used to see at anchor in the Elbe, and sail away to America, that land where no one need be poor, and earn great wealth with his willing hands, that the dear mother need do no work in her old age. The grandmother, too, if she lived so long, should knit no more coarse stockings to sell at three groschen a pair, or perhaps half a mark at the Yahr-market fair, but should sit warmly in the chimney nook and be tenderly cared for by the two for whom she had once as kindly cared.

But these were dreams, and the reality was something very different. All the hopeful patience of Gottlieb's nature was put to the hardest test. There was a fearful epidemic in the region where the Hansons lived and a great fear possessed the people. The doctor said, "It is best that you eat no fruit, otherwise you will more likely take the plague." So the market place became almost deserted, and though Frau Bertha drove her dog-cart to the old place every market day and waited and waited with infinite patience, still she sold every time less than before and, even with what little Gottlieb could earn helping the Eckheim cobbler, there was barely enough to keep the three alive.

By and by even Frau Bertha's hope was gone. She came back one day, and sat down wearily, and looked at Gottlieb and at the old grandmother, and said: "It is no use any more. Since many days I have sold nothing. I grow every day more weak and yet we get no groschen to buy us bread. I go no more to the market." Poor Frau Bertha! She went indeed no more to the market. Her poor, worn-out frame was no stronghold to resist the attacks of the dread disease. The cart stood idle in the neglected garden; the dog, oppressed by his unwonted freedom, howled dismally at the closed door. And Gottlieb was left with no one but the grandmother.

In some way or other, Gottlieb himself hardly knew how, the dreary winter was passed. A few coins, enough to keep soul and body together, found their way, through Gottlieb's hands, into the little house. But as spring came on, another trouble came, and this was worse than all. The Emperor wanted Gottlieb, as he had wanted his father. Not that there was war again, but every German lad, you know, must serve his term at learning the soldier's trade, and Gottlieb was old enough now to expect his turn very soon. Indeed, the neighbors spared not frequent reference to the subject.

"Thou wilt be leaving us soon, Gottlieb," said the old cobbler. "My son Max was off to the great *Caserna* at G——, before he was as old as thou art. And how shall it be with the good grandmother when thou, too, art gone away?"

That was precisely what Gottlieb was thinking. As he walked home, he thought about it very hard indeed. Then he sat down in the doorway, and ran his brown fingers through his light hair till it stood straight up all over, and fixed his blue eyes on the cart, though he did not really see it at all, he was thinking so hard; and the dog came and whined at his feet, but he did not hear him, he was thinking so hard; and at last he stood up, straight and determined, and went into the house.

"What is it, dear Gottlieb?" asked the low voice of the old woman; it was a very deep voice she had, as though it had sunk with her years.

"We must go to America," said the boy. "It will not do for me to stay any longer here. I shall be summoned to the barracks, and no one will be left to care for you. We shall sell the house and the dog cart to pay for our passage, and I shall find work in that new land. Who knows but we shall be rich one day; at least we will not be separated."

"Yes, my Gottlieb," said the grandmother. She had no thought but to keep her boy.

So the old woman and the young man became steerage passengers on one of the great German ships that Gottlieb had seen in the Elbe. At first the sea was smooth, and the grandmother sat all day on the crowded forward deck, watching the sailors as they climbed the rigging, and the captain as he walked the bridge, and enjoying the strong sea breeze, that blew but mildly yet, and still had a sweep and freedom such as no land breeze knows. On the third day the sea was rougher, and on the fourth day rougher still. The grandmother came no more on deck. She lay in her steerage bunk, down in the ship's dark depths, and was very, very ill—so ill that they thought she would die. Indeed, the rumor got abroad that she *was* dead. The first-cabin passengers said to each other: "An old woman in the steerage died last night. Poor thing! She was very old; eighty, I think. The voyage was too much for her." And the next one varied the tale a bit, and made the old woman ninety. And people said indignantly: "How *could* any one be so cruel; to take an old woman like that on an ocean voyage! The family probably had the emigration fever, and couldn't go decently without taking her. These peasants have no feeling!" And none of them knew of the tender devotion with which the sick woman was hourly watched and tended by the frank-faced, blue-eyed German lad, who had taken the journey himself but for her.

She was better when the voyage was over, though still very weak and pale. The health inspector looked at her sharply as the emigrants filed by. He was to certify that they brought no evil disease to port. But there was no contagion in weakness and seasickness, so the inspector passed her with the rest. Then they found themselves on land. Such a crowd all about them! Such a noise of unloading and such a babel of tongues! The weak old woman was faint with excitement. And Gottlieb—would he find, in this strange, new land, work that would bring them bread and a home?

It was hop-picking time at Farmer Bradley's. The hop-yard, on a sunny hill-slope behind the house, presented a bright and busy scene. Gathered about great boxes, in the green aisles formed by the slender poles, a score or more of workers were beginning the two weeks' task of the picking. The dresses of the women and girls made picturesque dashes of bright color against the thick, dark green of the vines. From the highway the picture must have been entirely satisfactory, but it is to be remarked of hop-yard pictures that they are quite at their best and most picturesque when seen from at least the distance of meadow's width. Often the first impression of prevailing contentment and well-being is lost by a nearer approach, and faces are found among the "pickers" on which is no reflection of peace from the pastoral beauty of the scene about them. Such a face was Gottlieb Hanson's, if you had found it in Farmer Bradley's hop-yard that bright September morning. Six months had passed since he and the grandmother left the little home beyond the sea; and the new land, though rich and free, had proved no Utopia to the strangers. They had made their temporary home in the little New York village of Granville, and during the spring and summer months, not only the village, but all the farming region round about has been made the field of Gottlieb's ineffectual search for steady work and wages. The old grandmother, meantime, had been ill, worn out with the long sea voyage and the strangeness of the new life, and Gottlieb's chance earnings in summer hayfields had gone for medicines and comforts. This hop-picking was, so far as Gottlieb could see, his last chance for work. There might be later a few apples to gather, but after that—what?

It was the reflection of this haunting question that darkened his face as he stood at the hop-box this morning; and the fact that his eyes looked down from the hillside upon a picture of unusual peacefulness and beauty was not enough to brighten the eyes or lighten the heavy heart below them.

It *was* a peaceful picture, this ample old homestead of the Bradleys, spacious and hospitable without, and full of substantial cheer within. Shade trees bordered it generously, its barns stood high and square, thriftily stored and tended.

In the well-kept orchard early apples hung ripening, and from the garden beds summer's latest blossoms made bright mosaics.

All this Gottlieb saw as he looked down upon it, but he did not see the small, childish face looking eagerly out at the kitchen window, up to the vine-clad hillside. The owner of the face slid down from his look-out post in a moment, and ran to the cellar door.

"Ma! I say, ma! Can't I go up'n' talk with the pickers? Pa said one of them was a German he hired at Granville, and I want to talk to him. *Can't* I?"

An absent-minded "Yes" came from the depths of the cellar, where Mrs. Bradley was immersed in pickles, and Allen was out of the house in a twinkling. Ignoring the other pickers as soon as he had found out from them where "the German" was to be found, Allen seated himself on the edge of Gottlieb's box, and devoted himself to drawing out the stranger. He liked him at once, because he had such yellow hair and round blue eyes, and twisted his words so remarkably.

"Did you live in one of those big castles on the Rhine?" he demanded, mentally reviewing the paragraph in his primary geography devoted to Germany.

"Nein!" said the German, laughing. "I haf lif only in one leedle small house, in the—what you call!—in the land."

"Have you got a big family—lots of brothers and sisters?" went on the questioner.

"Not but mine old grandmother; she lif with me here. My father and mother are long dead," and the blue eyes darkened, for he thought how he soon might have to say, "No one at all."

"Only two? *that's* not nice!" said Allen decidedly. "Small fam'lies aren't half so good as big ones, 'cause you can't have any fun getting 'em together when Thanksgiving comes. Mother says so. What'll you do Thanksgiving, anyway? *We're* going to have all the relatives at our house, 'cause it's pa's and ma's silver wedding, and ma's beginning to get ready for it already."

"Was ist das—Tanksgifing?" asked the puzzled Gottlieb, as soon as he could bridge the current of Allen's talking.

"Why, *Thanksgiving* Day, that's what it is. The day when you have turkey, and pumpkin pie, and lots of kinds of pie, and all the fam'ly at home, and all the folks at home, and—why, you know what Thanksgiving is; don't they have 'em in Germany? You have to go to church, you know, and be 'specially thankful 'cause you've had such good times."

Gottlieb shook his head. "Nein," he said, "we haf no day as that. We haf one day of the Christ Child—what you say—Christmas; mean you that?" he added, brightening.

"No, I don't mean Christmas; I mean Thanksgiving; and I never did hear of anything so funny as not having any!" And Allen was so impressed with the discovery that he actually stopped talking. Not to have a Thanksgiving Day; not even to know what it was! Not to look forward for weeks to the happy stir of the household that would announce its approach, to the excitement of guests arriving, to the praise service at church, when the family pew overflowed, and every one was too full of the charity of the day to mind the antics of small boys and small boys' cousins, unless of a severely serious nature! To miss the turkey and the pudding and the pies, the games and the unlicensed outlet of animal spirits by way of the lungs in the crisp November air; and, worse than all, to miss Uncle Granger! Uncle Granger did not come every year, but when he did come, that was a day for Allen! Of course he was coming this year; all the way from Chicago for the silver wedding; just the jolliest, kindest uncle that ever a youngster tagged and teased and impeded and interrupted and unconditionally adored!

But not to have Thanksgiving; the thought was always a trouble to the child, whenever he went up, as he often did, to talk with Gottlieb in the hop-yard."

As he walked slowly home at the close of the last days of hop-picking, Gottlieb was thinking of it, too, "The days you have to be 'specially thankful 'cause you've had such good times." "Nein, the grandmother and I, we haf *not* the day!" and there was a touch of hardness, almost of bitterness, that set very strangely on Gottlieb's face.—*Christian Union*, '87

To be Concluded.

CLIPPINGS.

A lady who has done great honor to her sex in scholarship is Misf Cora Benneson of Quincy, Ill., who at present holds a fellowship in Bryn Mawr College in Pennsylvania. She was graduated at the University os Michigan with high honors, and afterwards received the degree of LL. B. *cum laude* from the same institution. Several years ago she went around the world, going the greater part of the way alone, and then spent some time "roughing it" in the Rocky Mountains and in California. Miss Benneson will be remembered by Wellesley readers as one of the speakers at our last Commencement dinner.

The Astor Library contains among its historic relics a copy of a letter of Columbus, of which only six are known to be in existence. One of these copies sold for $700 at an auction sale in London in 1872. This letter was written by Columbus at Lisbon, and is addressed to Raphael Sanchis, treasurer to the king of Spain. A Latin version of the letter was printed in Rome. The letter is descriptive of his travels and discoveries. It was presented to the library by Mr. W. W. Astor.

An English woman, admirer of the poems of Byron, Shelley and Keats, thinks they are not sufficiently studied by her own sex, and she has, therefore, set apart a considerable sum of money which will produce a substantial income to be devoted to prizes for essays on the works of those poets. Trustees have, it is stated, been appointed to administer this fund.

New York boasts of a little girl whose commercial instincts are so precocious that she rents furnished rooms in her doll's house to her sisters for a fixed number of caramels each week.

More than 60 per cent. of Englisb women, married and unmarried, are working for daily existence.

THE COURANT.

COLLEGE EDITION.

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Editors.

KATHARINE LEE BATES, '80. EDITH SOUTHER TUFTS, '84,
ABBE CARTER GOODLOE, '89. LOUISE BRADFORD SWIFT, '90,
ALICE A. STEVENS, '91.

Editorial Contributors.

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ANGIE PECK, '90.

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Yearly subscriptions for the COURANT may be sent to Miss Tufts at Dana Hall, Wellesley. Special copies may be procured of Miss Goodloe, Room 18, Wellesley College.

Art Notes.

It will doubtless interest many of Dr. Brooks' warm admirers in the College to learn that among the dainty holiday books there will appear one from his pen, entitled "O little town of Bethlehem." This booklet will contain many beautiful monotint illustrations and will sell for the reasonable price of seventy-five cents.

A collection of about 160 paintings, the work of W. P. Phelps, are now on view at Leonard's gallery in Bromfield street, Boston.

A large collection, comprising 188 pictures and sketches, the work of the late Thaddeus Defrees, is now on exhibition at the gallery of Messrs. Noyes, Cobb & Co., Tremont stseet, Boston.

"Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?"

Mr. and Mrs. Sumner B. Pearmain, née Alice Upton, sailed for Europe Nov. 17.

We clip the following from an exchange:

Baltimore, Nov. 13, (special).—The Woman's College, under the direction of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was formally opened here to-day with interesting exercises in the new First Methodist Church. The college owes its existence to the Rev. John F. Goucher, who gave the land and $125,000 in cash toward the main building. The cost of the grounds and buildings will exceed $500,000. The Memorial Hall was given by a prominent citizen as a memorial to his wife, and for the special purpose of physical training. The professor in charge of this department is Dr. Alice T. Hall, a young graduate of Wellesley, who obtained her medical degree in Philadelphia, and is a practitioner in the Women's and Children's Hospital, and for two years has been a student abroad. She has studied the Swedish, German, Austrian and French methods of gymnastics, and is now in Paris.

THE WIDE, WIDE WORD.

Nov. 13.—The Roumanian Parliament is opened by King Charles in person. Canada is seeking to negotiate a treaty of commerce with Spain. Heavy rains cause floods in many districts in England. Shrinkage in internal commerce and business during the last four months owing to the presidential campaign is estimated at $500,000,000. Three Mormon elders tarred and feathered in Alabama. Death sentence of Mrs. Robinson commuted to imprisonment for life.

Nov. 14.—The Pasteur Institute in Paris formally opened in the presence of many prominent men. The Haytien minister has received an official statement to the effect that the U. S. steamer, Haytien Republic, will be retained as a lawful prize because seized while violating the blockade established against the port of St. Marc. 30 miners killed by an explosion in a Belgium mine. Reports of a movement on foot to have Lord Sackville appointed British minister at Washington after Gen. Harrison's inauguration. Jacksonville, new cases, 34.

Nov. 15.—Russia denies that she has any warlike intentions in the recent changes in army organization. It is reported that the Irish bishops have received another Papal rescript reiterating the command to denounce the plan of campaign and boycotting. Striking brakemen succeed in blocking freight traffic on the L. N. O. and C. R. R. Woman suffrage bill defeated in Vermont. Jacksonville, new cases, 14.

Nov. 16.—Violent gales on the British coast. 60 vessels are caught in the ice in the Sea of Azof. It is doubted in Dublin whether the Pope has issued a new rescript. A steamer with 900 persons on board probably lost in the Indian Ocean. Portugal will take part in the blockade of East India ports.

Nov. 17.—The wildest disorder prevails in Port au Poince. Sec. Bayard has been asked to send another war vessel to the island. Lord Tennyson is better. Congressman Perry Belmont is appointed minister to Spain. Another Cal. stage coach robbed by "the lone highwayman." The Trustees of Columbia College decide to establish an Annex for women. Harrison's plurality in New York state, 13,793. Election in West Va. still in doubt. Death of Prof. Otis of the Institute of Technology.

Nov. 18.—Socialists hold an immense meeting in Victoria Park, London, to commemorate the Trafalgar square and Chicago riots. Ex-Empress Frederick and her daughter are on their way to England. It is reported that a secret treaty has been concluded between Russia and Corea providing for a Russian protectorate of Corea. Lord Randolph Churchill declares that the English cherish no ill-will against Americans on account of the Sackville affair. A case of yellow fever at New York city.

Nov. 19.—France refuses to co-operate with England and Germany in the blockade of the east African coast. Reported condemnation of the steamer Haytien Republic is confirmed. D. W. Kelly, inventor of the Kelly motor, is in prison. First heavy fall of snow in Illinois, Indiana and Iowa. The new Protestant Episcopal cathedral at Albany is dedicated.

College Notes.

Norumbega is once again indebted to Prof. Horsford, and this time his kindness is in the shape of a beautiful chrysanthemum. Dr. Walcott, one of the Board of Visitors, presented Prof. Horsford with a choice variety of chrysanthemums which he had developed and of which there are but two plants in existence. This variety is named Norumbega in honor of the discover of the long-lost fort. Last Spring Prof. Horsford sent out a tiny plant which has thrived and grown in a marvelous fashion under the care of Mr. Butler. Now it stands in the hall at Norumbega "a thing of beauty and a joy" to all, and not least to the members of '89, since it bears their class colors.

At Prof. Niles' last lecture, the stereopticon was managed by George Lee, Mrs. Durant's coachman. Prof. Niles pays him a high compliment in saying that no man in Massachusetts could better have managed the slides.

So much oral discussion has been called forth by Miss Scudder's leader, *Quantity versus Quality*, published in the COURANT of Nov. 9, that the editors propose to reserve space in the COURANT of Dec. 7 for further expressions of opinion upon the question at issue. It is hoped that many of those interested, from the Faculty to Freshmen, will take occasion, *before the first of December*, to drop into the COURANT box arguments pro or con, suggestions, objections,—anything whatever bearing upon the subject, these communications not exceeding three hundred words in length and signed either by bona fide signature or by significant *nom de plume*, as "Professor," "Sophomore," "Alumna." The lists are cleared for a battle royal. To the onset!

The COURANT usually finds it convenient to ignore its own misdemeanors, trusting the spontaneous intelligence of its readers to interpret all typographical errors. But a blunder which, several weeks since, assigned Miss Woodman of '89 to '90, has lain heavy on the editorial mind, and now that in our last issue we have seemingly attempted to smuggle Miss Wilkinson of '93 into the stately ranks of the Alumnæ, we feel constrained to ask for special indulgence in the hope of better things.

In our near anticipation of the Thanksgiving festival which calls homeward so many wandering thoughts, as well as wandering feet, we shall read with especial interest an open letter, given to-day, from Miss Monroe, on The Home Life. In regard to her theme, the writer says: "You will notice that I am not speaking of the public work which women do to earn a livelihood, but of that voluntary work which from charitable impulse, or other, women take up. My plea is that this shall not interfere with the home-life, as I believe it does in a host of cases."

On Sunday, Nov. 25, and hereafter on the last Sunday of each month, Communion service will be held at Chapel Hall at half-past three in the afternoon. Rev. W. H. Monroe of Christ Church, Boston, will conduct the service for this month.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourse's as ithers see us!"

We clip the following choice extracts from an article on Wellesley College in *Harper's Bazar* of Oct. 20. The italics are our own:

There is nothing about the group of buildings which goes to make up the quadrangle that would charm an artist or fascinate the eye of an æsthete, but each building in this well-known college is home-like, *and some are even striking*. The halls and cottages are none of them old enough to be historical, none of them new enough to be disagreeably new.

At the left of the door, as one enters, is the Browning Room, with its soft rich light streaming through *the pictured windows which tell the story of Aurora Leigh in all its pathos*.

Main Hall claims the lion's share of attention because of its interior. One end of the great cross is almost wholly occupied by the library, reading-room, and a few students' rooms on the first floor, *while the second floor is taken up largely by the chapel*.

Evidently the Committee of the Chapel Fund Association have been too busy to read *Harper's Bazar* of late, for they still cling to their theory that the chapel is small and are still indefatigable in their efforts to secure a goodly show of Wellesley needle work for the forthcoming Fair.

Dulce Est Desipere In Loco.

A FRESHMAN'S COMPLIMENT.

With downcast eyes the maiden stood
Before her high ideal
And offered the fairest flowers she could
With feeling that was real.

"They are not very nice," so she said—
"They are not very pretty, 'tis true;
But somehow they strongly reminded—
They reminded me strongly of you."

A SENIOR'S COMPLIMENT.

'Twas Saturday night. Three Seniors tall
Upon a fair Freshman went to call.
"What a lovely room!" the first one sighed.
"A perfect gem!" number two replied.
The third just glanced at the fresh, young face,—
"No gem," said she, "but a jewel case."

Before the Shakespeare meeting:

"Oh! Mary, don't forget to take the petticoat for the King."

In the Shakespeare meeting:

A philosophical question: "Miss President, how do you account for the change in character of Katherine, as seen *Henry V* in, after she married Henry VIII?"

Any student anxious to see a procession may satisfy herself by standing at the door of the trunk room. She will see one maiden after another emerge from behind the trunks, with arms full of winter habiliments. The sad, moth-eaten expression of some is very mournful, while others look as if they could join with the bard of '90 in singing:

"You may air, you may shake them,
These things if you will,
But the scent of the camphor
Will hang round them still."

Class in Latin Prose.:

Freshman (critically) "That is not a Ciceronian expression."

Instructor (with awful emphasis) "Do you mean to tell us that Cicero *never* uses this expression?"

Freshman (with earnest solemnity) "Well! hardly ever."

Even Cicero seemed modern after that.

Professor of Zoology: "Wouldn't you like to see a bird skinned?"
Amateur: "Oh yes! I suppose the feathers will be preserved."
Professor: "Certainly!"
Amateur: "But—oh! Will it kill the bird?"

Those interested in schedule reformation will be glad to read the following, recently exhumed from the chronicles of '90.:

6–6.50	Somnosity.	2.20	Impenetrability.
6.50–7	Velocity.	3.10	Animosity.
7–7.20	Voracity.	4.	Ferocity.
8–9	Piety.	5.	Docility.
9	Mobility.	6–7	Verbosity.
9.50	Stupidity.	7–8	Jocosity.
10.55	Morosity.	8–9	Avidity.
11.45	Melancholy.	9–10	Stolidity.
12.30–1	Tears.	10	Indestructibility.
1.30	Despair.		